

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, February 16, 1811.

[NO. 17.]

THE

MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

Among the delightful groves of the park of Torre Vecchia, there was one which claimed their peculiar preference: acacias, roses, laurels and poplars, surrounded an elevated ground plot of verdant turf, planted with myrtles. It was there Eugenio had raised a rustic altar sacred to his future union with fair Virginia; each day they adorned it with fresh flowers; adjacent to it was a grotto, from whence issued a cascade, whose limpid waters lost themselves in mazy windings behind this enchanting spot. The cyphers of Virginia and Eugenio were engraved on every tree that shed its fragrance through the grove. They never entered it without renewing, at the foot of the altar, the oath of perpetual fidelity.

At length Time, which advances so rapidly where pleas-

ure measures his steps, approached the period which was to unite the two lovers. Eugenio had attained his twentieth year, and Virginia was seventeen.

The preparations for the event, which was to confirm the connection of the two families, were in a state of forwardness, when the Marchionesse Spanozzi appeared to droop under the weight of that malady which had for several years consumed her. A raging fever, attended with symptoms of the most alarming nature, threatened her dissolution, and the physicians soon pronounced that there were no hopes.

"My daughter," said the Marchioness to Virginia, who was bathed in tears at her bedside, "Oh my dear daughter! may the moment, which is fast approaching, be the last misfortune Fate has in reserve for you! It was my earnest prayer to Heaven to have seen you married to Eugenio before my death; my entreaties have

been rejected; I die without beholding that happy event, which could alone have afforded me consolation on this side the grave. But remember my last wish," added she, elevating her voice, and assuming an expressive gesture, "I desire you to give your hand to your lover before the expiration of that period, which custom has prescribed for mourning the loss of a parent."

Virginia, whose sighs stifled her utterance, threw herself on her knees, and seized the hand of her mother. A mortal paleness overspread her countenance, and a few unintelligible exclamations expired on her lips. The Marchioness, who was unable to support the painful emotions which such a scene excited, made a sign to her attendants to remove Virginia from her chamber, and requested the Marquis, who had just entered, to leave her to herself. After having consecrated an hour to the duties of religion, she sent to the Count Caprara to desire a few minutes private conversation. He attended her, and she employed the interview in recommending Virginia to his care, and obtained his promise, to unite the two lovers as soon as

decency would admit of the ceremony being performed.

"It is in you, my dear Count," said she, "I place my whole confidence. The Marquis, I have no doubt, dearly loves his daughter; but I am sensible of his extreme weakness, and shudder at the idea of his being persuaded to interdict an union, on which depends the happiness of my Virginia. Eugenio is the only man who merits her; his heart is devoted to her, and his affection is too sincere ever to be diverted to any other object. Suffer me, in my last moments, to enjoy the sweet and consoling hope, that this lovely pair will be united in the bands of marriage."

The Count, whose soul was extremely moved at the earnest manner in which the Marchioness spoke, renewed his protestations of seeing her last request carried into execution. He was enlarging upon the plans he had traced out for the happiness and prosperity of their children, when he perceived that the Marchioness, whose last words still vibrated on his ear, had for ever closed her eyes to the light of day.

With a heavy and aching

heart, and a face bedewed with tears, the Count left the fatal chamber. The cries and lamentations of the domestics of the unfortunate Marchioness, soon conveyed to Virginia the dreadful tidings that her mother was no more;—Let us draw the curtain over this mournful scene. Virginia was deeply affected by the irreparable loss she had sustained; that amiable, unaffected, and becoming gaiety which had hitherto animated her charming countenance, was succeeded by a profound and habitual melancholy. Even the presence of her loved Eugenio was unable to force a smile; yet the tenderness and love she felt for him, seemed to have gained additional strength. She was never happy but when she was in his presence; and when he was compelled to leave her, her heart seemed weighed down by a fatal presentiment of her destiny, and torrents of tears suffused her lovely cheeks.

“Oh my Virginia!” exclaimed Eugenio, when he met her one morning in the groves of Torre Vecchia, and discovered on her pallid countenance the traces of the tears she had shed during the night, “Oh my Virginia! shall I never experience a termination

of the misery that consumes me? Will you not afford me the consolatory hope that we shall make each other mutually happy?”

Virginia heaved a deep sigh, and pressed the hand of Eugenia.

“Deprived of you,” said she, “what would be the value of existence? Alas! will the time never arrive, when I shall consecrate myself wholly to you? I know not the reason, but a terror, for which I cannot account, incessantly agitates me. The last words of my expiring mother are ever present to my imagination; ‘May the moment which is fast approaching,’ said she, ‘be the last misfortune Fate has in reserve for you!’ Oh my dear Eugenio! if Heaven should not have heard this last prayer of the best of mothers; if I must live to deplore thy loss; alas! better would it be that I were to die this moment!”

Eugenio, on his knees, conjured her to divest herself of such gloomy thoughts. He recalled to her mind the last request of the Marchiones, who had fixed the period of their union at the expiration of three months after her death.

“More than half that time has elapsed, my dearest Vir-

ginia," added he ; " in a few weeks our hands will be joined, as our hearts have long been. Calm therefore, the effects of a too extreme sensibility. Our future prospects flatter us with the hope of a succession of peaceful and happy years ; why then should we imbitter the present moment by chimerical and groundless apprehensions ?"

Virginia listened with delight to the soothing words of her lover. The soft accents of his voice insensibly calmed the emotions of her soul ; and, tho' she was still the prey of melancholy, yet the first transports of her grief were succeeded by a mild resignation to the will of heaven.

With regard to the Marquis Spanozzi, after having deplored the loss of his amiable lady for a few days, he had so far consoled himself, that the tears of Virginia became insupportable to him ; he studiously avoided her presence, and passed his whole time with the Countess, whose society appeared to him to have more charms than ever. The Count Caprara sincerely regretted the death of the Marchioness ; but the pleasures of the chace, which had ever constituted his

ruling passion, diverted his sorrow, and he devoted his time to the enjoyment of them with increased ardour.

The three months fixed upon as the period for the marriage of Virginia and Eugenio, had elapsed. It was determined that the ceremony should be performed without that pomp and parade usual upon such occasions ; and the Chaplain of Tarre Vecchia was made choice of to give the nuptial benediction to the young and lovely couple.

On the eve of that day which had been anticipated with such impatience, Eugenio conducted his beloved Virginia to the grove sacred to their virtuous attachment. It was on an evening in the month of September ; the air was calm, and an oppressive heat had withered the flowers which decorated the rustic altar. Eugenio, enraptured with the idea of his approaching bliss, hastened to gather fresh ones ; he formed chaplets of myrtles and roses, which he suspended on the trees engraven with the name of Virginia ; then throwing himself at the feet of his beautiful mistress, he seized her fair hand, pressed it to his beating heart, and exclaimed—

(To be Continued.)

The horrid practice of duelling having of late become peculiarly prevalent in the United States of America. And as the Legislature of the land do not appear disposed to crush the evil. I send you the subsequent official story, hoping it may have some influence upon the minds of our present honorable gentry.

WARNING TO DUELLISTS-

Mr. White,

I am sir, a native of Ireland, of one of the best families, and have no inconsiderable property in that kingdom. I was educated in the university of Dublin, where my birth and fortune recommend me to the notice of many young fellows of the first distinction, I entered into the closest intimacy with several, and was looked upon as a sort of chief in every little party of amusement by them all. In the variety of acquaintance with which I was at this time favoured, I contracted a friendship, of the warmest kind, with a young man of quality, of my own age, whom I shall beg leave to mention by the name of Henry. Perhaps few men ever possessed so many qualifications to command universal esteem: his person had that prepossessing something,

so peculiarly the distinction of rank, and to so great a degree, that you were interested in his favour the moment he appeared, and obliged to do justice to his understanding without his speaking a single word. Joined to one of the clearest heads in creation, he was blest with with the most benevolent of hearts, and was in short, all that the most romantic can fancy of their heroes, and all that the ancient heathens could imagine of their gods.

Henry had a sister,—poor Maria! nearly of age; I had another,—unhappy Charlotte, close upon twenty-two: the friendship subsisting between him and me produced an equal esteem in the young ladies, and both continually dwelling on the praises of their brothers, it was no wonder that Charlotte entertained the most tender sentiments for him, or that the bewitching Maria should cast a favourable eye on me. And, not to take up your time, Sir, Henry and I grew passionately in love with the sisters of each other, and, proud to have the opportunity of rivetting, as I may say, our friendship, we agreed upon paying our addresses, which were kindly received, and one day appointed for the celebration of the two

weddings, to the infinite satisfaction of both our families ;— but, O, Sir, the eve of our wedding day!—How justly may I cry out with the poet,

For ever hated be the fatal hour,
For ever dark and comfortless the
morn;
No sun to shed its salutary power,
Or mark the circling period I was
born!
But let ill fortune, all array'd in tears,
Be doom'd attendant on the time a-
lone;
The church yard screech-owl bode
uncommon fears,
And fright the midnight traveller to
stone!

Henry and I, Sir, had just parted from our mistresses, and retired to sup at a tavern, to take leave of our bachelorism, with a select party of friends. Two or three hours we passed in the most agreeable manner, when, unfortunately, an argument arose between him and a gentleman in company, about the superior excellence of lobsters and crabs. Trivial debates have been justly remarked to produce the most fatal consequences,—this was unhappily the case with us. I saw Henry exert a warmth which I fancied rather too vehement, and took the liberty of hinting my opinion. The conversation was in an instant changed, and his whole resentment turned a-

gainst me; he called my friendship for him in question, and made so many severe observations, that I could not avoid a little of the acid in my replies. The quarrel of friends is always the most bitter; things that would appear indifferent in others, carry an additional poignancy from them, and a retort, which would seem trifling in a common acquaintance, is a crime of the most unpardonable colour in a friend; the very consideration that should mitigate, becomes an aggravation of the fault, and the most striking plea why we should overlook an error, is constantly the reason why we will not.—This, Sir, was our situation: Henry thought it hard that I, of all men, should offer him an offence: I thought it equally cutting, of all men, to receive an injury from him: in this frame of mind we proceeded from severity to severity, till, at last, he gave me the public lie. There was now but one means of satisfaction left; the company instantly broke up, and Henry and I appointed to meet at the Phoenix Park by seven the next morning, attended each by a friend.

(To be Continued.)

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XVI.

SATURDAY, Feb. 9, 1811.

*Nunc ego Triptolemi cufierem con-
scendere currus,**Misit in ignem qui rude semen hu-
mum :**Nunc ego Medæ vellem frænare
dracones,**Quos habuit fugiens arva, Corinthe,
tua ;**Nunc ego jactandas optarem sumere
pennas,**Sipe tuas, Perseu : Dædale, sive
tuas.*

OVID.

To the Speculator.

SIR,

AS it appears to be your inclination "to hold the mirror up to nature," and to pourtray the foibles of your fellow mortals, without malignity, I take the liberty of giving you a character. I shall not exaggerate, but draw him as near to the original, as my abilities will permit, and I doubt not the likeness will suit, not only the person I have particularly in view, but numbers whom I never saw.

It was in the year eighteen hundred when the intimacy between Edward and myself was first formed, we were at that

time just entering into life, and began to reflect seriously upon our future destination. I was pursuing one of the learned professions in this metropolis, and he was at a distance from the city, preparing to embark in a similar line.

Absence did not terminate our friendship, but rather increased it ; for a mutual correspondence was regularly kept up during our separation. Edward returned to New-York, and became an inmate in the same office where I resided, but under auspices more favourable than my own.

We both travelled the same path of science, and nearly at the same period began the world together. Never during our minority did any schism of a serious nature ensue. The world smiled on Edward, but looked with a lowering eye upon me ; I was unfortunate, he prosperous, he rose with velocity, I sunk beneath my difficulties. He still used me in a friendly manner, at least he would have me to think so, but the disguise he assumes for the purpose is too thin to conceal his estranged affections.

I matter not the manner in which he conducts himself,

yet I feel it my duty to point out certain exceptionable traits in his behaviour, which if not timely removed will prove of manifest disadvantage to him in his after progress in this sensorious world. I have recently had frequent occasion for asking his advice and opinion upon different subjects, but have uniformly found him so much engrossed with *dramas* and *stage players*, that it was next to an impossibility to obtain a direct answer to any one of my proposed questions. As a specimen of several conversations I have lately held with him, I will give you one, as nearly as I can recollect, after the dialogue manner: and for the sake of perspicuity, shall call myself George.

George. My dear fellow I rejoice to see you in health.

Edward. Ha! my lord! "faith you're welcome to Padua."

George. What, ever harping upon plays? I was in hopes, this once at least, to have found you serious.

Edward. Plays! Speaking of plays reminds me of the Gamester. What actor do you consider as best in Beverly?

George. I am not sufficient-

ly a judge to give a correct opinion. But—

Edward. Judge! Dam'me I thought you "*a second Daniel come to judgment.*"

George. I say, I wish to speak with you on business that nearly concerns me.

Edward. Poh! a fig for business. Let me see, ah! very appropos—"In that the patient must administer unto himself." But go on, I'll hear you.

George. Well, Sir, will you oblige me so far as to look at this letter, and give me your ideas upon the subject of its contents?

Edward. Certainly I will, but stay, now I'll read this, the same as Percy reads a letter in Henry the Fourth. To the point,—"*Our plot is a good plot, a most excellent plot,*"

George. But to the subject of my letter, Sir, not Percy's,

Edward. Yes, yes, only stop a moment till I acquire the right gesture. Ah! now, that's it—Come, we'll proceed—Albany—so—yes—Eloped. Eh! yes—to be sure I see.—"*That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter is most true,*"

George. Really, Sir, you exhaust my patience; either read what I presented you, or return it.

Edward. Well, there, I have read it, and consider it "a mere device of the enemy"—but since you have "crept in to favour with yourself," why, by all means, "maintain it with some little cost." Quoting from Richard,—How do you like Cooke, do you not think his first soliloquy in that character is inimitable?

"Now is the winter of our discontent

"Made glorious summer by this son

"Of York," &c.

George. Having now heard your soliloquy, will you listen to a proposition I have to make.

Edward. My dear soul you must excuse me, I have immediately to go out. There is to be a party at Shannon's this evening. Cooke, Hop. Robinson, M'Farland, and all will be there. I would not miss going upon any consideration imaginable.

You may easily suppose, Mr. Speculator, that after this intimation, I was quickly solus,

wondering how it was possible that a man of Edward's good sense and talents (for he wants neither) could forego rational conversation, and give up his claims as a scholar and a gentleman, to ape the manners of a class of men, whose only business it is to study the drama as a profession. I do not deny, but that a knowledge of several of the most approved dramatical authors, is of much advantage, if not essential, to those who profess to be men of general information; but then it does not follow of course, that every line of such writers is to be committed to memory, and spouted forth to all persons indiscriminately, and upon every occasion, whether applicable or not.

I think it is Lord Chesterfield, who remarks, that "to be thought well bred and esteemed, it was necessary that we should be merry with the gay, and with the grave, serious. And the justness of the observation no one can controvert, for while suffering under misfortune and a mind ill at ease, nothing is more wounding to feelings of sensibility, than slightness and frivolity. First, as it shews a perfect indifference to the sorrows of the complainant, and secondly,

as it tends to heighten the affliction, which sought for an alleviation from the compassionate soothings of friendship. It is not my inclination, Sir, to injure the feelings of my friend, on the contrary, (for I know no man who can be more agreeable company if it suits him) my motive is purely for his own advantage, and I unfeignedly hope, should this letter ever come under his inspection, it may be so far useful to him as to cause him to reflect, how unsuitable his conduct is for a person in the situation of life in which fortune has placed him. Let imitation and stage ranting, (if he cannot entirely abandon it) only take up his moments of hilarity; but for the sake of his reputation, he ought to be studiously careful, in not permitting it to encroach upon his hours of business, nor his general intercourse with society. I have more than once heard it mentioned to his disadvantage, but hope this caution will be sufficient to guard him from future reports of the like nature.

I am, &c.

G. R.

*** I shall very shortly take notice of "Morgan's" hint

upon talebearing. There are several tattling, peace disturbers, well known to me, whom I shall shortly hold up to public derision and contempt.

A. H. D. shall shortly be attended to, together with some other pieces in the poetic line.

G. W. T.'s criticism on Mr. Hontly's Juvenile Exhibition, shall willingly, and with pleasure, be attended to next week.

D.

— APOLOGY.

We are again under the necessity of apologizing to our readers, for the lateness in which our last number came from the press. It was occasioned by the indisposition of the compositor. Our arrangements are at present such, that it is presumed a case of disappointment will not happen in future.

—
Private accounts from Paris state, that Bonaparte had made an application to the Ex-Empress Josephine, for her jewels, alledging that the campaign in the Peninsula had been attended with such expences as to reduce him to great pecuniary difficulties, and that Josephine was obliged to comply with this request.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ECONOMY.

The following anecdote will set the subject of economy in a very striking point of view: "At the time when the London bridge was building, or repairing, the gentlemen, who were soliciting subscriptions to carry on the work, called at the door of a wealthy gentleman; and just as they were entering the door, they heard the gentleman scolding at his female servant, for throwing into the fire, a match of brimstone, after she had used it, in lighting a candle. The reflections of the gentlemen, standing at the door, were as follows: "Well if this man is so much afraid of losing a match of brimstone, we shall most certainly lose our labour in shewing him our proposal," They, however, presented their subscription paper, and he put down against his name the generous sum of *one hundred pounds*. The gentlemen then told this liberal donor what had been their reflections when standing at the door and hearing him scold at his servant, for wasting the match of brimstone. The

gentleman replied, "That it was not for the value of the match that he scolded at the servant, but it was to manifest his displeasure at seeing any thing, even a candle match wasted, and to teach his servant a lesson of economy and frugality; for," continues the gentleman, "if the servant had been indulged in wasting a candle match, she would take the liberty of throwing away things of greater value. But if all the servants and the whole family, be taught to observe the strictest rule of economy in all things, much in the course of a year, may be saved for charitable purposes. That, by a prudent economy, in saving small things from being wasted, I am ever supplied with a sufficiency to meet all charitable demands in the liberal manner, which you have witnessed." It is hoped, that every reader will take this friendly hint, and *go and do likewise*.

A plumber being lately employed to repair the pipe of a pump belonging to Mr. Bond, of Chudleigh: found the carbonic gas from the well (which had not been opened since the dreadful fire at that place in 1807,) so powerful, that he would not venture in. Two

miners, who had been at work in the neighbourhood, coming by at that instant, one of them volunteered to go down, (a ladder 19 feet in length had previously been fixed) but before he had descended half that depth, fell off and sunk to the bottom, about 40 feet. His companion followed and shared the same fate. A joiner, named Nosworthy, caused a rope to be put round his waist, and was let down, but on his senses going off, the noose of the rope slipped, and he was likewise precipitated to the bottom. Another man had the rope fastened between his legs and round his waist, but had not proceeded ten feet before his senses left him, and he was drawn up nearly lifeless. After this they procured a grappling iron, by which the three bodies were extricated from the well, but the life of each was extinct. London Paper.

A MODEL.

The following female character is translated from the French. However highly colored the portrait may appear, it is not without a living original.

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world

calis pleasure ; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother ; and she consecrates her days to the practice of the social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by compliance, and over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments, filial order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents want and dissipates the evil passions ; the indigent, who present themselves at her door, are never repulsed ; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her respected ; of indulgence and sensibility, that makes her loved ; of prudence and firmness, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light which vivify and illumine all that encircle her.

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and can justly appreciate her worth ; happy the children who are nurtured by her care and modelled by her counsel ; happy the domestics who wait her commands and enjoy her benevolence ; and happy the society who holds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world."

A WIFE.

For the benefit of those ladies whose qualifications shall warrant the application, we republish the following :

From the Georgia Journal.

Wanted immediately, a wife to sweeten the cares of domestic life ; one who is susceptible of the tenderest emotions of the human heart, and capable of receiving as well as communicating the pleasures of social and refined intercourse. Her *form* must be elegant, graceful and pleasing : her *features* regular and well turned, with ever and anon, a smile of complacency upon them, indicative of a placid, serene temper, and a "*conscience void of offence.*" She must possess a good understanding, enlarged by a refined education ; not too scrupulous and nice, nor yet too credulous and unreserved ; but in all things observing a just discrimination. She must be uniformly neat, temperate, discreet, affectionate, economical and industrious. No one need apply, who does not possess the above qualifications, as they are indispensable pre-requisites in support of the first proposition.

Negatively—She must not be addicted to *gossiping* about from *pillar to post*, in im-

itation of a number of *young flirts*, exposing her person to the stupid stare and rude remark of vulgar minds, nor eat the bread of idleness : but look well to the ways of her household, lest, peradventure, in the journey through life, *want* should *officiously* look in at the window, and there should be a *falling out by the way*. Her *tongue*, like a *turnpike*, must not be at liberty at both ends, lest it should *turn* from her door the feet of those whose friendship, benevolence and good opinion are inestimable ; nor like an *eight days' Clock*, must it be always at *strike*, lest the *flutter* should get out of order, and the *balance wheel* should lose its *equilibrium*. Her door must not be shut against the houseless child of want, nor her ear deaf to the voice of humanity. Her *Religion* pure and *undefiled*, must not be the *child of fashion*, but the *offspring of the heart*.

This be the partner, this the charming bride,
To which my soul should find itself allied ;
Whose every want and every pulse of life,
Should draw me closer to my virtuous wife.

SOLUS.

N. B. With these recommendations, a line from their fair proprietor, addressed to A. B. Esq. and left at the office within 60 days will be marked with prompt attention.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, February 16, 1811.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the time."*

WANTED

*At this office, two Apprentices,
to the Printing business.*

HORRID MURDER.

The particulars of this abominable deed we have from a young man who was a distant spectator of the shocking catastrophe, as given before the Coroners inquest.—About 1 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday last, a young man named David Frank, who was in the employ of Mrs Collins, of this borough was seen walking with Miss Anna Collins, the eldest daughter of his employer (a charming young girl of 14 years of age) on a small island opposite her mother's residence, and on which some negroes were at work. They had not proceeded many paces during the witnesses observation, when he perceived Frank encircle Miss Collins' waist with his arm, when she suddenly rushed from him, uttered a most violent shriek and instantly fell? upon which Frank immediately ran to the adjoining creek and threw himself into it apparently with the intention of drowning himself, in which being baffled by the shallowness of the water, he returned to shore, which he had no sooner regained, than he also fell! The witness on perceiving these strange, unaccountable proceedings, procured a canoe and crossed the creek without delay, when on attempting to raise the young lady (little dreaming of her melancholy fate) perceived her throat cut from ear to ear! As soon as he recovered from the shock which so horrid a spectacle naturally produced, he approached the young man whom he found weltering in his blood, and on examination, he found his throat cut so effectually that his head was nearly severed from his body! He was lifeless, but the detestable weapon with which he had rendered himself so (a short butcher's knife) was clenched in his hand.

Frank was a well conducted young man about 21 years of age, and said to be of a respectable family in or contiguous to Richmond—but from the super-

scription of a letter handed us this morning, suspect he is from Washington city. There are various and contradictory reports afloat as to the motives of his committing this diabolical act; but the most prevalent is, that of being thwarted in his affection for the young innocent who fell a victim to his temerity. Norfolk Herald.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Milldollar, Mr. Thompson Price, to Miss Elizabeth James, both of this city

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. David Stilwaggon, to Miss Rachel Acker.

At Yonkers; on Sunday morning last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Wm. Bunfroe, to the amiable Miss Clarissa Odell, all of the former place

At Hudson, on Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Henry Halland, Printer, to Miss Phebe Race, all of that city.

*Love mark'd the goal, the ardent Henry flies,
The race was fair, and he obtain'd his prize.*

At Poughkeepsie, Charles Lindsey, esq. attorney at law, to Miss Aurelia Mitchell, daughter of the late Editor of Crisis.

At Hartford, the rev. Elihu Mason, to Miss Belden.

At Newark, Amos Hedden, to Miss Harriet Husk.

DIED,

On Wednesday morning last, of a consumption, in the 21st year of his age, Ignatus Reamond.

At Ohio, J. D. Leonard, esq. counselor at law, aged 26 formerly a resident of this city.

On Monday evening last, after a short illness, Mrs. Sarah Corne, wife of the late capt. Corne, aged 75 years.

On Sunday Morning, after a short illness, William Cown.

On Wednesday evening last, Ann Maria Hartuell, aged 28 years.

On Thursday Morning last, after a painful illness, Mrs. Garcin, relict of the late H. Garcin, of this city.

At Charleston, S C, from a fall on board a vessel, Mr. James Barrys a native of Albany.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.



YANKEE PHRASES.

AS sound as a nut o'er the plain,
I of late whistled chuck full of glee !
A stranger to sorrow and pain,
As happy as happy could be.

As plump as a partridge I grew,
My heart being lighter than cork ;
My slumbers were calmer than dew,
My body was fatter than pork,

Thus happy I hop'd I should pass,
Slick as grease down the current of
time ;

But pleasures are brittle as glass,
Although as a fiddle they're fine.

Jemima, the pride of the vale,
Like a top nimbly danc'd o'er our
plains ;

With envy the lasses were pale—
With wonder stood gazing the swains

She smil'd like a basket of chips—
As tall as a may pole her size—
As sweet as molasses her lips—
As bright as a button her eyes.

Admiring I gaz'd on her charm,
My peace that would trouble so soon,
And thought not of danger nor harm,
Any more than the man in the moon.

But now to my sorrow I find,
Her heart is as hard as a brick !
To my passion forever unkind,
Though of love I am full as a tick.

I sought her affection to win;
In hope of obtaining relief ;
Till I, like a hatchet grew thin,
And she, like a haddock, grew deaf.

I late was as fat as a doe,
And playful and spry as a cat ;
But now I am dull as a hoe,
And as lean and as weak as a rat.

Unless the un pitying fates
With passion as ardent will cram
her ;

As certain as death or as rates,
I soon shall be dead as a hammer.



From the Repertory.

BALLAD STANZAS.

Oh ! bright was the dew drop that dwelt
in her eye,
Which beam'd through the gem with
a luminous beam,
But as mild as the breath of the sum-
mer eve sigh,
When the moon faintly tinges the
wave with her gleam.

Her voice was as sweet as the night-
ingale's song,
Which softly awakens the ear of the
night ;
And the accents that thrillingly fell from
her tongue
Spread over my bosom a glow of de-
light.

She spoke of the bards, and her language express'd

The sense of a mind to their harmony known;

While pity for some heaved with anguish her breast,

Oh! *I* felt that her heart was entwined with my own.

How blest were my fortune, *I* silently said,

To dwell with a maiden so fair and refin'd;

'Twere bliss, though *I* lived in cold poverty's shed,

In mortality's loveliest vestments enshrined.

But Hymen, who beams upon millions his light,

Will never the rays of his torch shed on me;

Rosalia has wed; nought but sable rob'd night

And care now remains, sad Floranthes for thee.

ARQUET JUN.

EPIGRAM.

A drunken old Scot, by the rigorous sentence

Of the kirk, was condemn'd to the stool of repentance;

Mess John to his conscience his vices lac'd home,

And his danger in this and the world that's to come;

"Thou reprobate mortal! why doth thou not know,

Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must go?"

"Must go when we're dead! why, Sir, you may swear

We shall go, one and all, where we get the best beer.

TO LET.

TWO Rooms in a quiet part of the City (furnished or not, as may suit the Tenant) the use of a Kitchen, Yard etc. Apply at this Office. Jan. 12

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